# A COAT OF DIVERS COLOVRS FIT FOR JOSEPH.

OR,

PIETY in VARIETY.

By *Jos. W.* Gentleman.

Psal. 139. ver. 23. 24.

*Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:*

*And see if there be any wicked way in me: and leade me in the way everlasting.*

Printed for *J. W.* 1656.

# To the READER.

*VVHen in the Night I muſter up my wits,*
*and doth attend an holy Meditation,*
*A godly pleaſure it in me begits,*
*that far exceeds a common eſtimation;*
*But I muſt take the Motion ſtrong or weake,*
*for in a Moment they will be to ſeeke.*

*Of late in Bed it came into my Mind,*
*how that I had Compos'd a little Book,*
*Which to declare in part I am combind,*
*to bide the cenſure I have undertook;*
*Let* Momus *mutter, and* Pan *play on his Pipe*
*my mounting Muze above finds moſt delight*

*I* David

*I* David-*like*, *doe thinke on Time that's ſpent,*
Pſal. 4. 4. *and communes with my heart, & finds it ſad,*
*Becauſe I cannot, as I would, Repent,*
*for no Man living* hath, *or ever* had,
*Power to Repent, or Grace to gain by Merit,*
*Mans work is weak, I find it by my ſpirit.*

*Its God alone, that Heavenly God of Power,*
*that* Gilliads *Balme doth give to his elect,*
*Drops in their hearts of ſaving grace a ſhower*
*which in the way of bliſſe doth them direct*
*To heaven of heavens, where Saints & Angels ſtore*
*with glory ſings their ſongs for evermore.*

*Go now my Booke, be not aſham'd, nor bluſh,*
*let all men reade thy weak unlearned lines,*
*And feare no Sects, for either heart or cruſh,*
*thou haſt a Guard, that He, or his Aſſignes*
*Will make thee help, when thou in need ſhall ſtand*
*ſo I commend thee to his helping hand.* (

I. W.

The

# *The Crowing of the Cocke.*

VVHen *Cocke* doth Crow, me thinks to me appears
How *Jesus* look'd on *Peter*, *Peter* shedding tears. Luke 22. 61.

O blessed Saviour, when thy pleasure is,
Look upon me, and mend what is amisse; Psal. 119. 132.
And give me grace, not onely Faith alone,
But Heart, Words, Thoughts, and Prayers all in one
May cry aloud in Christ my Strength and Rocke, Psal. 71. 3.
Have mercy Lord, and heare thy Servant knocke. Mat. 7. 8.

I thanke the *Bird*, that rouzed me from sleep,
To sighe for sin, which caus'd St. *Peter* weep Mark 14. 72.
So bitterly, that it is thought by some,
His Cheeks was gutterd with the Teares that run; Mat. 26. 75.
God grant me grace, with *Peter* to Repent,
And godly groanes, cause godly teares be spent.

Christ is the Ladder, by which I doe ascend, Gen. 28. 12.
As well as Angels; for I on Christ depend
To Heaven, where Christ my Cause doth pleat,
And tells his Father, that his bloody sweat Rom. 8. 26
Upon the Crosse, did pacifie his wrath,
And cleans'd my sins through true effectuall Faith. Rom. 3. 25

Christ is the Truth, the Life, and eke the VVay, John 14. 6
My Hope, my Help, my Comfort and my Stay;
Thus fixt on Christ, in Christ my Faith I locke,
Made, through his Merits, one of the blessed Flocke.

All

1 Ep. John 5. 7. All Honour, Prayſe, and thanks I give to thee,
O holy, bleſſed, glorious Trinity.

The Authors faith. This is my Faith, if you beleeve it true,
God of his mercy grant the ſame to you:
It is a Bulworke built with ſuch a Hand,
That Hell, nor Devill, hath Power for to with-ſtand.
Then let us all the Lord of Lords give prayſe
For this firme Faith in theſe old doting dayes.

Reade, and obſeeve theſe Lynes aright,
They'l make you Pray upon the Night.

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## *The Soules Deſire.*

Cant. 1. 7. *Tell me (O thou whom my Soule loveth) where thou feedeſt, where thou makeſt thy flocke to reſt at noone.*

There is foure ſorts of Faith Required, to finde whom the Soule loveth.

Pſal. 119. 1. 1. TEll me my heart if thou doſt love the Lord?
My heart to me this Anſwer did afford:
*I love the Lord*, and wiſh my love more ſtrong
For to repulſe my Enemies that throng,
To quench deſire, and draw me from my love,
To my great griefe, they doe my patience prove:
But fervent Faith is fixt ſo in my breaſt,
A ſtrong faith. Ile ſpare no paine to take my Love at reſt,
In ſhady VVoods at Noone time of the Day,
Faſt Sleeping with his Flocks there finde I may.

2. Being thus perplext, at length I chanc'd to heare
A ſweet ſoft voyce, which called, *Come, draw neer*,
commanding me to marke what he did ſay,
And gave me charge I ſhould his words obey;

Fly

*Fly Vice, hate Sinne, incline thine Eare to me,*
*And love the Lord, because he loved thee.*
With Heart and Soule I freely gave consent,
And Vowed to him to be obedient.

Psal. 116. 1. 2.
An obedient faith.

2. My Love and I was thus with Joy united,
My former Follies I presently invited,
And tould them plainly, I had found a Love,
That mounts my joyes from Earth to Heaven above,
Bids them be gone, and seek another Master,
I to my Heart had layd an Heavenly Playster,
That killed Sin, and made my Conscience cleare,
To love my God, and keep my Heart sincere.

*col.* 3. 2.
Psal. 119. 2.
A *sincere faith.*

4. Thus did my Heart declare it selfe at length,
And tould me truth, it had but little strength;
But what in strength it found to be decaying,
It would make good by dutifull obeying,
And strive to live a life in godly feare,
With Heart upright, and with a Soule sincere:
Strong, obedient, sincere in Prayer and Fasting,
I love the Lord, he me for Everlasting.

*Everlasting faith.*

## *The Lepers Complaint.*

LOrd looke upon my Leprosie,
not on the outward blaine,
But on the inward Malladie
that filleth every Vaine:
It runs, and spreads it selfe abroad
in every joynt and Limm,
I feele it is a filthy Loade
this Leprosie of sinn.

*Mat.* 8. 2. 3.
The lepers petition.

My

My ſad complaints as ſharpe as thornes,
my earneſt long deſire,
For cutting out theſe painfull Cornes,
and throw them in the Fire.
My crying ſins, my ſins of ſhame,
my ſins that neer was ſeen,
Mark 1. 40. *Thou canſt*, by calling of thy Name,
*if that thou wilt, make Cleane.*

*In* thy Compaſſion pitty me,
*I* kneele, *I* begge, *I* crave,
None can me help, but onely thee,
thou knoweſt what *I* would have.
Be faithfull then, and courage take,
ver. 21 be not as thou haſt been;
Doe all thy former ſinnes forſake,
*I will*; *then be thou Cleane.*

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## *A Zealous deſire.*

O God, my God, give Grace and Might,
with Prayers ſincere to Pray to thee,
That *I* may ſee that glorious Light
that ſhines in all Eternity:
This my Deſire, *I* humbly crave,
my God faſt in my Heart to knit,
That it my ſilly Soule may ſave,
from the vaſt deep infarnall Pit.

Rom. 8. 1 No Condemnation then *I* feare,
all fleſhly Luſts *I* hate and fly;
Thy VVord makes mine Election cleare,
that *I* ſhall live Eternally;

A lively

A lively Faith within my breast,
thy holy Spirit doth inspire,
And bids me set my Heart at rest,
the God of gods grant my desire.

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## *A Watch over the Soule.*

REst now my Soule, have care to kill
the power of Satan every day;
With feare worke thy Salvation still,
trembling, sobbing, sighing Pray
To keep thee from that wicked thought, Phil. 2. 12.
for now the Devill begins to rore;
That sins no sin, a thing of nought, 1 Ep. Pet. 5. 8.
and man once call'd, can sin no more. Heb. 10. 26.
Thus *David* must confirme a Lye,
and *Paul* to write that is not true, 1 Ep. Joh. 1. 8.
Sure sin did cause Saint *Peter* cry, Psal. 51. 5
these men they were as good as you: Rom. 5. 18
Audatious woefull wretched Sect, Rom. 3. 9, 10.
this Deviliſh Doctrine to maintaine, Luke 22, 61.
You cannot consen Gods Elect, 2 Cor. 10. 18.
Lament, Repent, and Blush for shame.

*Psal.* 118. 28.

The God of Heaven I serve alone, Ps. 118, 28.
he is a God of Majesty.
My God sits on a glorious Throne,
this God I serve, and none but *He*:
I thanke this God that gives me grace,
to call upon him Night and Day,
I hope to see him Face to Face,
that gives me grace in Faith to Pray.

## *Upon a Cracke of Thunder.*

I Know, O Lord, when thou dost speake,
Thy Voyce makes all the Clouds to breake:
Lord grant me Grace when I doe Pray,
My Prayers may peirce to Heaven a Way,
And from that Place, an answer bring,
Thy Prayers are heard, Rejoyce and Sing,
All Honour, Prayse, and Thankes to thee,
One Glorious God, in Persons three.

## Pauls *Determination.*

*For I* Determine *not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him Crucified,* 1 Cor. 2. 2.

A Godly Preacher gave a toueh,
A man may sinne in knowing much;
The Devill did winke, gave *Eve* a Nod,
And tould her, *They should be as God.*
Gen. 3.5. But Eate one Apple of that *Tree*,
And you shall know as much as he:
*Originall knowledge.* This Knowledge was the fatall fall
Of *Adam*, *Eve*, Man-kind and all.
*Naturall knowledge.* *Philosophers* all things know,
*That* Naturally on Earth doe Grow,
As *Hearbs*, and *Trees* of every kind,
By Knowledge they their Vertues find:
1 Cor. 8.4 But gods for God, they fondly faine,
Doting on phaneies idle braine;
Ver. 5. 6. Against the God of gods they sin:
Gives Nature that, that's due to him.

There

*There* is that knowledge doth affect,
And ſeems to know like Gods Elect ; 1 Cor. 8, 2
*They ſinne*, and feed themſelves with hope,
And give their Conſcience too much ſcope. *A general knowledge.*
A generall Faith they hope is good,
*That* Chriſt for all did ſpend his blood ;
But know poor Soule what ere thou be,
*Thou* muſt beleeve he dyed for thee. *Iohn 11, 26. 27.*

Some uſe their Knowledge for to gaine,
*That* being got, they finde but vaine ; *Rom. 14, 1.*
Some bend their knowledge to Diſpute,
So Vice ſeems ſinne for to Confute :
Some uſe their knowledge to finde Grace, *Iohn 17, 3.*
*That* dare look ſinne into the Face ; *Rom. 3, 24.*
So ſome there is that knowledge have, *Effectuall faith.*
Effectually their Soule to ſave.

Its deep to know the Miſterie,
*That's* VVrit in holy Hiſtorie ;
A Sonne borne of a Virgin pure, *Iſay 7, 14.*
*That Balme of Gilead* all will Cure ;
It is deep knowledge for to know, *Deep knowledge.*
*That God and Man* ſhould live below
Upon the Earth, yet had no ſin,
No fraud, nor guile was found in him. *1 Ep. Pet. 2. 22.*

Wilt thou have knowledge that ſhall laſt,
Then fix thy Faith on Chriſt ſo faſt
As he was nayl'd upon the *Tree*, *Laſting knowledge.*
So faſt thy Faith one him ſhall be,
*That* mortall Death ſhall not thee dant,
Nor Fier of Hell ſhall make thee pant,

For Christ his Death, by Faith I know,
*The* power of sinne doth overthrow.
All this knowledge *Paul* rejects,
Christ Crucified, that he affects.

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## Pauls *Desire.*

Mat. 27. 25. Rom, 5, 1. CHrist Crucified on the Crosse,
by Faith I have in him,
Doth cleare me from the Law and Curse,
that's due to me for sin:
*Thy* suffering Lord shall mortifie
my Flesh that's fraile and vaine;
Mat. 27, 60. *Thy* burial it doth testifie,
that thou, as Man, was slaine;
Mat. 28, 6. *Thou* didst Descend, yet by thy power,
didst Rise, and then Ascend
Into that heavenly glorious tower,
where joyes shall never end:
Heb. 10. 12. 1 Ep. Pet. 3, 5. *There* thou on Gods right hand doth sit,
and pleads for thine Elect,
*That* they with thee a place may git
a glorious prospect.
*This* is the knowledge that I crave,
all other shadowes be;
*This* fixed knowledge I would have,
*Christ Crucified* for me.

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## *A Spirituall King.*

*For he must reigne till he hath put all his Enemies under his feet,* 1 Cor. 15. 25.

A glorious

A Glorious King doth ſit in Heaven, Acts 7.55
which is the King that I affect,
Seen upon Earth by holy *Steven*,
and dwells on Earth with his Elect; John 6.56.
Yet not in Pompe, nor State at all,
but Spiritually Majeſticall.

*To* his Diſciples he gave Power Mar.10.7.
on Earth, to *Teach*, *Preach*, and *Baptize*; Acts 2.38
*That* ſtill remains, untill this hower,
to them he calls, and rightly riſe,
With Hands layd on by holy Order,
confirm'd, approv'd by Heavens Recorder.

*This* King hath Lawes for to obſerve,
which all his Subjects muſt obey:
His little Flocke he will preſerve,
from either Wolfe, or Lyons Prey:
Sinne and Vice, Death, Devill and Hell, 1 Cor. 15
he in a moment will expell: 55. 56.
Reigne he ſhall, and Raigne he muſt,
Vntill his Foes be trod to duſt.

## *Another of the ſame.*

THe *King* of *Kings* in Heaven doth ſit in State, The kings foes.
He hates his Foes, his Foes him deadly hate;
The Devill as Chiefe, his kingdome to advance, 1 The Devill.
Keeps Carnall men in ſimple ignorance; 1 Peter
Makes them beleeve, becauſe they cannot Reade, 3. 8. 9.
They neither hope, nor help of Scripture need;
*Rome*, *Rome*, beware, that cloſe this ſinne doth ſmother,
Makes Ignorance to be Devotions Mother. Ignorance
2 Ep. Pet.
The Devill hath yet a keene ſharpe-headed Arrow, 3. 5. 8.
To pierce the bones, and ſticke faſt in the Marrow;

He

He telleth youth, he may Repent in time;
And ſpend in pleaſure all his yeares of prime,
Make Drinke thy darling, let looſe the reignes of Luſt,
Gods made of Mercy, he never tells he's Juſt :
*Prolonging repentance.* When ſcores of yeares doth turne thy Haires Gray,
Its time enough for to Repent and Pray :
And having brought him in this ſad Condition,
Death ſhoots his Dart, and ends the Devils Commiſſion.

And now an Enemy of great power doth ſpring,
*The world.* Drawes many Subjects from this *Heavenly King* ;
The VVorke-mans worke againſt him doth rebell,
He made the VVorld, and it drawes Soules to Hell :
God made it good, but now it is abuſed
By wicked men, that their God refuſed.

The Gold of *Ophir* makes VVorldlings to offend,
And Silver Mindes will never make them mend ;
When Honour prickes Ambition to the Heart,
It makes him Carr-horſe to vaine-glories Cart ;
He pulls and ſweats, it turns on Fortunes VVheeles,
And ſneaking Envie, runs at honours heeles :
At length it mounts upon the Mount *Parnaſſes*,
Then brought down head-long with a Teame of Aſſes.

*The Vſe.* O wretched man, the Devill he is too cunning,
He never tells thee that thy Glaſſe is running,
That Ignorance, is no excuſe at all,
Delaying time, oft proves thy fatall fall.
The VVorld a VVitch, drawes men into a Maze,
That ſtill he runs, untill he run his dayes :
Turne backe betime. Repent, and Cry for Grace,
VVhen Chriſt appears, ſinne hath an ugly Face.
Now laſt of all, grim Death muſt yeeld his Power,
This glorious *King* will make that Tyrant cower :

Death,

Death, Devill, and Sinne, muſt all be fore'd to yeeld,
And *King* of *Kings* have Glory in the Field.
*Thus all his Foes being treden under Feet,*
*He ſits triumphing in a glorious Seat.*

## *An Admonition for Children.*

LOve and obey thy Parents in thy heart, Prov. 6.
where ere thou goeſt, they'l leade thee on thy way; 20. 21. 22. 23.
VVhen thou doſt ſleep, they will not from thee part,
and when thou wakes, they'l move thee for to Pray,
That God will bleſſe them, and increaſe their ſtore,
That is the way to make thy bleſſing more.

Feare their Commands, they are a lampe ſo cleare,
that they will make thee vertuouſly to live;
Thy Fathers Care, and Mothers Love is deare,
and good Inſtructions they are bound to give;
VVhich being followed, mittigates all ſtrife,
And brings the Child into the way of Life.

## *Luke* 1. 60.

BLeſt be the God that's *Iſraels* Lord,
for his kinde Viſitation,
VVho ſent to us his Divine VVord,
that wroughte our Soules Salvation:
From *Davids* Loynes, and *Jeſſes* Root,
a Vine did ſpring upright,
That ſpread all *Iſrael* about,
a glorious Lampe of Light.

Thy holy Prophets did declare,
that we ſhould ſaved be,

To keep this Promise from thine Oathe,
thy Covenant to free,
Vs to deliver from the hand,
and feare of all our Foes,
In holineſſe, upright to ſtand,
till Death our Dayes incloſe.

And thou, O Child, and Prophet Great,
prepare the way thou muſt,
Through ſorrows ſad, and bloody ſweat,
for to Redeeme the juſt:
Through tender mercy, God gave Grace,
from Darkeneſſe, Day to bring;
And made our way to perfect Peace,
from *Jeſſe* Root to Spring.

2 Ep. Tim. 2. 8.

## *Meditations of Saint* Steven.

POndring with Admiration,
how *Paul* was wrapt to Heaven,
I had a Meditation,
upon the Death of *Steven*:
All faithfull Martyrs may,
by Faith, ſee all things fitting,
Heaven ope more cleare then Day,
and Chriſt in Glory ſitting:
*Acts 7. 55.* This Martyr was the firſt,
that ſee from Earth to Heaven,
A Comfort to the reſt,
that ſheds their blood like *Steven*.

## *The Glory of the Trinity.*

SAint *John* came poor, had neither Gold nor Mony,
but yet he had the Spirit of *Elias*;

His

His Meate was Locust, and a little Honny : Mat.3.4.
he Preached Repentance, and Cured *Hezekiah*.
I never Read, he ever Preached of Merrit,
or workes of men could Heavenly joyes inherit.

In *Jordans* Flood, *John* did Baptize indeed, Ver. 17.
and thither did our blessed Saviour come ;
From Heaven a Dove descended on his Head, ver. 16.
a Voyce was heard, *this is my loved Sonne* : 17.
Blest Eyes and Eares, that there did heare and see,
without dispute, the blessed Trinitie.

*Herod* that Fox, accuseth *John* the just, Mat.14.3.
for speaking truth ; to Prison he must goe,
A Dancing Damsell, and unlawfull Lust, ver. 6.
joyn'd joyntly both, poor *John* to overthrow,
A damned Beldame of a cursed Seed, ver. 8 &
betraide poor *John*, and made him lose his Head. 10.

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## *The Guides to Heaven.*

VAine-glory, Honour, Pleasure, Pride, Psal.45.
Idolatry, and Lust, 10. 11.
VVhen *Pharaohs* Daughter is a Bride,
She must lay in the Dust ;
Then Marry her to *Canaans King*,
She will content his mind,
Such vertuous Beauty for to bring,
leaves *Egypts* sinnes behind.

Even so my Sovle, thou Christ shalt take,
thy Husband for to be,
And all thy former sinnes forsake,
and make thy Conscience free ;

Not giving way to any [illegible]
for one thy Soule may kill,
But give to Christ thy Soule alone,
who will all joyes fulfill.

Though Flesh be fraile, Fight, doe not yeild,
give no Consent be sure,
Unfaigned Faith must be thy Sheild,
it shall thy Soule secure:
True Charity must be thy Guide,
hold Hope fast by the hand,
Thy holy Angell Guards thy side,
so walke to *Canaans* Land.

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## Pauls *Counsell to the Gentiles.*

1 Cor. 11. 18. SAint *Paul* was Call'd the Gentiles for to Call,
And to Convert them to the Christian Faith;
He Preach'd with Power, to Comfort them with all,
And gave them Counsell, as the Scripture saith;
First try themselves by true Examination,
And then to take the Signes of their Salvation.

Forget, forgive, and make thy Conscience cleare,
Thy Darling Sinne pull up and throw away;
A Contrite Heart, joyn'd with a godly feare,
Will worke this Faith, that Christ thy debts did pay
Upon the Crosse; have but this strong beleife,
*The* saving Faith redeems thee from thy greife.

Sinne was the Cause thy sorrows are so great;
Let godly sorrow drive away thy sin,
It is but folly for to chafe and fret,
Rely on Christ, and put thy trust in him;

Repent

Repent in Heart, and Chriſt thy Soule ſhall feed
VVith Angels Food, in Signes of VVine and Bread.

## *Holy Advice.*

BY holy VVrit, I heard it prov'd at large,
That we our ſelves to God ſhould reconcile ; 2 Cor. 5. 20.
Not to delay the time, was given in charge,
But to Repent, and drive ſinne to Exile :
For Chriſt, our Chriſt, for ſinne hath borne the ſmart,
The Nayles his Fleſh, the Speare did pierce his Heart. John 19. 34.
He had no ſinne, for me he was made ſin, Ver. 21.
Chriſt, onely Chriſt muſt pacifie Gods wrath ;
Angell nor Man, nor any thing, but him,
*This* to beleeve is true effectuall Faith :
Lord I beleeve, help thou my unbeleefe,
Make ſtrong my Faith like to the dying Theefe. Luke 23. 43.

## *A true Faith.*

TAke time before, for he is bald behind,
Stretch forth thy hand, and take him by the locke ;
Be ſtrong in Faith, and thou ſhalt Comfort find,
Gates being ſhut, it is too late to knocke : Mat. 25. 10. 12.
Chriſt lov'd me ſo, when I was at a loſſe,
To gaine my Soule, he Dyed upon the Croſſe.
Thus he the *Juſt*, for me unjuſt was ſlaine,
The *Righteous*, for the unrighteous, Dyed ;
The way to Heaven a fixed Faith makes plaine,
If that thy Faith be the right way applyed :
I doe beleeve that Chriſt did Dye for me ;
Doe thou the like, and then he Dyed for thee.

## *A holy Deſire.*

Pſal. 139. 23. 24.

SEarch thou, O Lord, my heart at ground,
and rip it up in every Vaine,
All wickedneſſe that may be found,
pull up by roots, I feare no paine.
And if I harbour any thought,
that is contrary to thy will;
Grant me that grace to count it nought,
and baniſh it for being ill.

Lord let me ſee my wicked wayes,
and grace for to abhorre the ſame,
All Glory, Honour, Laud, and Prayſe
aſcribe I will unto thy Name:
With Angels I will then rejoyce,
in time of all Eternity,
When thou admits my Soule and Voyce
to Sing, and ſee the Trinity.

## *A Conſcience quiet, not good.*

LOrd keep me from a Conſcience free from griefe,
That ever liv'd in joy, and worldly pleaſure;
But never ſorrow felt, untill the Death,
To ſighe for ſin, he never took the leiſure:
Yet he preſumes Gods mercy is ſo great,
He ſhall be ſav'd, though he doe not intreat.

## *A Conſcience never quiet, yet good.*

LOrd look upon a Soule that ſighes for ſinne,
And mournes in ſecret, with a heart ſincere,

That

That Sathan ſeeks to catch within his Ginne,
But hath no power to quench his godly feare :
He grieves, and waits, when God will comfort ſend,
And ſo at length, obtaines his wiſhed end.

## *A Conſcience neither good, nor quiet.*

O Wofull wretch, whoſe Soule is never quiet,
Whoſe Conſcience fryes him in a fiery Flame ;
Yet drinks, and drabs, ſweares, and feaſts with ryot,
Till Deaths dart ſtrike him in a mortall vaine :
Then cryes, and cries, will this paine laſt for ever ?
VVhen will it end ? A Voyce doth Anſwer, *Never.*

## *A Conſcience quiet, and good.*

O Happy he, whoſe Conſcience telleth him,
That goodly mones, hath wrought effectuall Faith,
Beleeves Chriſts blood hath waſh'd away his ſin,
That his deep wounds appeas'd his Fathers wrath,
And doth deſire, and Pray, and Pray againe,
That never ſin have power in him to raigne.
God guard, and watch my thoughts from ſleps and falls,
For ſinners feet ſtand oft one tottering balls.

## *No help in Man.*

*whom have I in Heaven but thee ; and there is none upon Earth that I deſire beſides thee,* Pſal. 73. 25.

VVHen I collect all faculties I have,
I can find nought, but worthles worth in man,
No power at all he hath himſelfe to ſave,
his Birth is painefull, and his Life a ſpan,
As fraile as Graſſe, let him doe what he can :

VVho

Who puts his truſt in any Man at all,
Leanes on a Reed, and's ſure to catch a fall.

Take Man alone, as meerly he is Man
for help, and counſell, he is far to ſeek;
In his Conceit, he thinketh now and than,
that every words a ſentence he doth ſpeak,
And to excell, he oft his braines doth breake:
Great Counſels now, that hath the rareſt wits,
Their witty wiſedome, proves but fooliſh fits.

Now Man, I leave thee, for thou art but vaine,
unleſſe a Power from Heaven doe thee direct,
For by that Power, thou knowledge may obtaine,
to know thy ſelfe, and God for to affect,
To him alone give love and true reſpect:
VVhom have I then in *Heaven and Earth*, but thee,
For all things elſe are fraile and vanity.

---

## *The Vanity of the World.*

THree things there are thats counted faults in men,
And worldlings hates them to the very Death;
*Honour.* Honour offered, and refuſed again;
*VVrongs.* And VVrongs received, yet cannot urge the breath,
*Faſhions.* Counts worldly Faſhions like an Aſpen Leafe:
VVhom theſe affect, the worldling holds as Fooles,
And fit to live obſcurely, like to Owles.

The firſt they hold a baſeneſſe in the Spirit;
The ſecond ſenceleſſe, a fond, or ſtupid humour;
The third, a ſcorne to time, deſerues no merit,
And thus, poor Soules, they bide the worlds rumour:
*Thus* worldlings love that is the worlds conſumer:

*Thou*

*Thou* art ſo blind, thou knowes not Day from Night.

*The* firſt doth hold, with God a true content;
*The* ſecond hath a care to live ſecure;
*The* third holds Faſhions, vaine and follies vent,
For Faſhions are for fickle fooles a lure,
Fooles, and Faſhrions are eyed together ſure:
Obſerve theſe ſignes, you ſhall perceive it plaine,
*Theſe* three things good, it is the world thats vaine.

---

## *My Lent Labour, or Prayers, or Meditations.*

O Lord ſet thou my heart upright, and let my Meditations be, — Pſal.119. 52.
*To* Pray to thee both Day and Night, for to obtaine Eternity;
And that with Chriſt I may aſcend, — Io.20.17.
Into thoſe joyes that never end.

*Teach* me, O Lord, in Faith to Pray, with holy feare, and godly groanes, — Pſal. 86 11.
*That* my poor ſoule may finde the way, with ſighes, and ſobbs, and mourning moanes,
My glorious Fathers Face to ſee, — Pſal. 17. 15.
And ſing Songs with felicity.

Deare loving Father, doe not frowne, but in thy mercy look on me, — Pſal.30.7.
Leaſt my ſad ſins doe ſinke me downe, and ſo I loſe Eternity:
But ſtill in Chriſt I put my truſt,
*That* he will place me with the juſt. — Ieh.3.26.

It

It was my ſinnes that made him Dye;
It was my ſinnes that ſtopt his breath,
It was my ſinnes, that cruelly
Did put the Lord of Life to paine,
1 Pet. 2. 2. But I was ſav'd, when he was ſlaine.

Ioh. 15. 13. It was his Love, not my deſeart,
It was his Love that ſet me free;
For this his Love, I give my heart,
It was his owne, he gave it me:
Prov. 23. 26. My heart, O Lord, thou doſt require,
P. 15. 28. Accept it then, whole and intire.

Joh. 19 30. I thanke the Lord for this thy Death,
I thanke the Lord, that thus did Dye;
I thanke the Lord, that loſt thy breath,
I thanke the Lord, that patiently
Luke 23. 46. Upon the Croſſe did pay my debt,
Pſal. 31. 4. 5. And broak the Coards of Sathans Net.

Thus for my Soule Lord I doe pleat,
Now for my Body I intreat,
My wants, good God, for to ſupply,
And Cure thy ſervants mallady:
I need not tell, thou knowes my need,
Mat. 6. 11. Give me, my God, *my Dayly Bread.*

---

## *Cheriſh no Sinne.*

Heb. 12. 1. IF Pagan Princes, for their *Olympian* ſports
did ſpare no coſt, vaine-glory to obtaine,
By Running, Tilting, and Games of divers ſorts,
feeding the fancies of a franticke braine,

Found

Found ought, they thought their foolish fits would hinder,
Though nee'r so rich, would burne it to a Sinder.

If these, from whom was hid all saving grace,
would burne to nought, all that their pleasures crost,
What must we leave that runs a godly Race,
but all our sinnes fast tyed to a Post,
Let none be lost, no, not in thy desire,
But freely throw them Post and all in th'fire.

O thou my Soule, a blessed Race to runne,
throw every weight away that troubleth thee;
If fleshly Lusts seeke thee to overcome,
bid it avoyde, *I* hate thy company; 1 Ep. Pet. 2. 11.
Thou art a weight that *I* must throw away,
God give me grace to make it good, *I* Pray.

Still *I* am bound to make all speed *I* can,
to run my Course with patience to the end,
More stops *I* find, so vaine a thing is Man,
lusts of my Eyes, my Conscience doth offend,
They spie strange objects, that sets my heart a flote,
For to desire things farre above my lot.

And now my heart begins to mount aloft,
the world is all too little to content it,
*It* feeds on dainties, lyes on pillowes soft,
thus wealth breeds woe, unlesse a man repent it:
Though all these lusts *I* finde in me too rife,
Good Lord defend me from the pride of life.

Lord heare my Prayer, take fleshly lusts away, 1 Ep. Pet. 1. 2.
and give my Eyes no power to lust at all,
But on such things, as lawfully *I* may
use, for to make the pride of life to fall:

Psal.37.1. Quit of all theſe, take heart, be of good cheare,
Run forth thy Race, be patient, doe not feare.

---

## *Chriſts Love to Man.*

Heb.12.2. THe true Elect, by true effectuall Faith,
beleeves that Chriſt by death hath them redeem'd,
A Prophet, Prieſt, and King, all three he hath
perform'd in Office, ſo deare he us eſteem'd,
That nothing ſhould be wanting for our good,
His Fathers wrath he hath appeas'd with blood.

Dare mortall man be bold as to deſire,
but that the God of gods hath it reveal'd,
His working ſpirits makes mortalls to admire,
that our Salvation ſhould not be conceal'd:
For wretched man had neer thought to have ſought it,
Had not Gods love, and Chriſt with blood have bought it.

This bleſſed *Jeſus*, the Author of our Faith,
with Heavenly joy did guide the way before,
And finiſh all; for ſo the Scripture ſaith,
that on the Croſſe, with ſhame, he clear'd our ſcore;
1 Ep.Pet. 3.22. For he doth ſit upon a glorious Seat,
One Gods right hand, for our poor Soules to pleat.

---

## *An Article of our Faith.*

### *He ſuffered under* Pontius Pilate.

MOurne mortall man in dolour of thy heart,
with ſorrows ſad, and ſighes lament thy ſin,
Iſay 53.4. He ſuffered. Chriſt Heaven forſakes, to beare a helliſh ſmart,
and took our baſe infirmities of him,

And

And for a time he made the Earth his ſtage,
To free us mortalls from his Fathers rage.

*Tiberius* then in *Rome* did beare the ſway,
and had the *Jewes* obedient to his power ;
Sent *Pontius Pilate* his Debuty away. Under Pontius Pilate.
whoſe ſtrict commands made all the *Jewes* to lowre :
Yet for to pleaſe his Conſcience, did Condemne,
unjuſtly judging, led by wicked men. Ioh. 19. 16.

The Lord of Life he did condemne to dye, 1 Cor. 2. 8
by providence, he judged unto Death,
That no Death elſe, but that, could teſtifie, VVas crucified.
the Lambe of God deprived of his breath :
All former Types and Propheſies of him,
He did fulfill, and clear'd the *Juſt* of ſin.

For to make good his Death, he buried was, Dead and buried.
within a Tombe where never none was layd ; Ioh. 19. 41
To make it ſafe, a Guard on it did paſſe,
a jealious feare, did make the *Jewes* afraid,
That his Diſciples his body ſhould convay, Mat. 27. 64.
And on the Night ſhould ſteale his Corps away.

But by his Power, for he himſelfe was Power, Ioh. 10. 18.
he from the Grave did powerfully ariſe ; The grave is ſometimes taken for Hell.
Mans Enemy, grim Death, he made to lowre, Mat. 28. 6
triumphingly, the Grave he did deſpiſe : Act. 2. 24.
For none but Chriſt, he had the power alone, Pſa. 16. 10.
Free from Corruption was this holy one.

Then it is ſaid, *to Hell he did deſcend* ; He descended into hell, not locally.
by Helliſh paines, he muſt worke mans ſalvation, Hoſ. 13. 14
Not locally, for then I ſhould offend,
among the damned, doom'd unto damnation,

As man, being there, he never could returne,
But evermore in fiery torments burne.

Where shall we finde that Christ perform'd his Passion?
not with the Damned, neither in the Grave;
*Christ in his passion* But Praying in the Garden, as it was his fashion,
paine prickt his heart, sweat blood, and there to have
The paines of Hell, Gods wrath within a Cup,
VVhich could not passe, before he drunke it up.

This was not all, much more then this must be,
*Indured the shame, despised the crosse. All is finished.* mockt, and arraign'd, condemn'd his Life to lose,
Most shamefully be nayl'd unto a Tree,
and Crucified upon a wooden Crosse;
There finisht all that he did undertake,
When he did cry, *My God doth me forsake.*
*Mat. 27. 46.*
*Psal. 22. 7.*
*Rev. 5. 1.*
*Gen. 49. 9.*
*Rev. 5. 5.*
This crying Lambe, he undertook
Seaven Seales to open, and the book;
Of *Judahs* Tribe, this was the Lyon,
That brought all joy and peace to *Syon*;
*Ioh. 19 16.*
This holy Lambe, our soules to gaine,
Was by the *Jewes*, and *Pilate* slaine:
Gods onely deare, beloved Son,
Sinne, Devill, and Death did overcome;
Look on him Lord, yet bleeding see,
It is his blood that saveth me;
I thanke my God, this Faith I hold,
*Eph. 3. 6.* Thy promise Lord doth make me bold.

---

## *A Heaven on Earth.*

READing an Author that I will not name,
who saith, the Elect beginneth Heaven on Earth;

And

And for my part I will beleeve the ſame,
for joyes are great thats found in a new birth.
VVhen God grants grace to rule and guide the heart,
There is no feare, true Faith will doe his part.

VVhat comfort more, when Saints by Faith doe hold
that God in glory fills the heavens with light,
No Summers heat to feare, nor VVinters cold,
the Sonne of Sonnes is ever in their ſight:
There joyes and dayes are endleſſe in their length,
Seen of all Saints, but not with equall ſtrength.

God in his mercy will our workes regard,
but for our merits they are nothing worth;
Cold water in a Cup, he will reward,
and Martyrs blood by Tyrants powred forth;
They both ſhall be content to their deſire,
But for deſert, they nothing can require.

Strive then on Earth, in Heaven to have a place,
effectuall Faith, and Grace, will guide the way;
Let hope thee help, be ſure in any caſe,
and love of God will force thee for to Pray:
Then Pray in Faith, it will thy ſoule prepare,
The world to ſcorne, in Heaven to have a ſhare.

---

## *The Soules Complaint.*

O Lord, when I doe ſummon up my ſins,
they mount to be in number numberleſſe, *Pſal.50.*
Then godly ſorrow in my ſoule begins, *17.*
and cryes for mercy in my great diſtreſſe: *Iſay 57.*
For mercy Lord, for mercy I intreat, *15.*
Thy mercy farre exceeds my Sins, though great. *Pſal.50.1*

Look

Look on the wounds before thy face that bleeds,
it was my sins that made those mortall wounds
*Thy* heavenly food, my soule with comfort feeds,
Joh. 6. 47. thy blessed Promises in all my sences sounds,
My sinnes are pardoned, for I trust in him,
VVhose bleeding wounds doth wash away my sin.

And now my Soule, prepare thy selfe to take
those sacred signes that Christ hath Instituted;
Receive by Faith, they will thee joyfull make,
his righteousnesse be to thy selfe imputed:
*That* is the Robe that makes us Rich in Grace,
And shine like Saints before his glorious Face.

---

## *The Soules request to God before the Communion.*

Mat. 5. 8. TRy Heart, and Reignes, without, within,
Lord cleanse them cleane, and make them pure;
Plucke up by Roots all sorts of sin,
Isay 53. 5. thy blood, O Lord, my wounds must cure,
Isay 43 4 And being cured Lord by thee,
My soule shall live eternally.

*My inward thoughts at the Communion.*
As sure as I doe Eate the Bread,
and in my stomacke it digeast,
By Faith upon Christs Flesh I feed,
a mistickall and holy Feast.
Joh. 6. 51. And when I doe receive the Cup,
and Drinke the VVine, my Heart doth say,
It is Christs blood, by Faith drunk't up,
then I give thanks, and thus I Pray.

Now

Now *thou* in me, and I in thee,
Joyn'd fast in Faith, knit one in one,
Lord let us never parted be,
*Till* heaven take soule, and earth the bone,
And both at Resurrection Rise,
By Gods great power made one againe,
*Then* I shall see thee with these Eyes,
And ever prayse thy holy Name.

All Glory be to God above,
*That* fills my heart with joy and love.

*Joh. 6. 56. My Prayer after the Communion.*

*Job 19. 27.*

---

## *A Friendly Admonition to the* Quakers.

O Lord my God, give grace to guide my Pen,
*To* write the truth of these vild wicked men,
VVhich doting, drives into the Hunters snares,
*To* breathe out Curses, when they should use Prayers:
Confound their Pillars, or convert their Rockes,
Mis-leading Leaders, cursed *Nayler*, *Fox*;
False Zeale and Spirits, makes them boast and cracke,
For *Gilpin* said, *they have both White and Blacke:*
*These* men take pleasure on the Sabbath Day,
*To* trouble some, almost as bad as they.
Those that dare Preach, not Call'd by holy order,
With Hands layd on, approv'd by Heavens Recorder.
Doth runne themselves in danger of their Maker,
For to be punish'd equall with the *Quaker*.
These hold, that they once call'd, can sinne no more,
Though *Thiefe, or Robber, Traytor, or a whore*;
Against all truth and Conscience, they aspire,
To guard damn'd Doctrine, and make truth a lyar;

*Mat. 7. 15.*

*Joh. 1. 8.*

*That*

That crys we are damn'd, in every *Towne and Street*,
*This* bids Repent, I hold that Doctrine ſweet,
But both are led with ſuch a ſubtile guide,
Mat.7.13 *That* ſhoots the ſtrait, and runs the way thats wide;
Lord cleare their Eyes, that they may ſee the evill,
And ſave their ſoules from running to the Devill.
*They* ſay, *the day of Judgement is at hand*;
*That* I beleeve, for I doe underſtand,
*That* Chriſt himſelfe fore-told of ſuch a Sect,
*That* ſhould deceive, but never his Elect.
*This* Sect lay cloſe ſix hundred fifty Yeare,
One thouſand more, yet never knowen here.
Audatious Rebels, that wrongs our Heavenly King,
Aſſumes that Honour that is due to him.
You ſay you are, *the Life*, *the Truth*, *the Way*,
What have you left? to whom are we to Pray?
What, doe you thinke we take you to be gods?
Preſuming thus, there is but little odds:
O wretched wretches, know you are but men,
And dye you ſhall, take heed of *Judgement* then.
Chriſt is the *Life*, which life he freely gave,
His faithfull ſervants, and Elect to ſave:
Chriſt is the *Truth*, you dare it not deny,
He led the *Way*, when he was p'ea'd to dye,
Was Buried, Roſe, Aſſend, then ſeen no more,
Be faithfull, follow, the way is made before:
Srand ſtill, and ſtudy, and bluſh you are amiſſe,
And cry for mercy, while there mercy is:
Love not that Spirit, that maketh all this ſtrife,
Confeſſe you are, no way, no truth, no life.

*FINIS.*

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